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ORIGINAL POETRY.

Lady, I have not been to thee, as many a one has knelt,
Nor felt a love, as many have, who after its passion
Left it.

At that proud time when life was gay, and all seem'd
Bright with thee,
I did not ask, as others did, thy soul to turn to me.

Yet sorrow's darkling clouds have gather'd in their
Threat'ning way,
And many a spirit-sinking grief hath brown'd upon thy
Path.

And fortune's parasites that would when all was fair and
Bright,
Like summer birds, when winter comes, in haste have
Flown away.

Yet lady! think not, though thy hopes seem sunk in
Starkest night,
Thou shalt not ask the love it claim'd not in thine
Hours of light.

Thy smiles, thy love, I do not ask, I only wish to be
A shield between the insults of a callous world and thee.

A night displays her stargem'd vault, that garish day
Conceals.

And in its soothing majesty each glowing orb reveals,
No, oft adversity draws forth the spirit, kind and true,
That sunny days, and happy hours would never have
Brought to view.

HOPE.

I watch'd a bubble broad and bright,
That on the streamlet play'd,
And a gay world of life and light,
In painted pictures met my sight,
A round its disk array'd.

Green vales and valleys caught my view,
And fertile fields of flow'rs;
The sky was pav'd with azure blue,
And blooming blossoms dropt in dew,
Hung o'er the beautiful bow'rs.

And fancy's fairest forms were there,
Of blushing beauty bright;
They seem'd to wander free from care,
Upon this little world of air,
Nor fear'd nor clouds nor night.

But ah! the quick returning tide
Sweet o'er the wat'ry world;
And all its gay and gilded pride,
Sunk, as I hastily exclaim'd,
The wave that o'er it curl'd.

And thus does hope, man's fondest pray'r,
Beam on his beating breast;
In pictures scenes of pleasure fair,
Then comes the wave of dark despair,
And as it sweeps his bosom bare,
The bubble rolls to rest.

MILFORD HARD.

Postscript to a departed Relative.

To that land thou art gone,
Where the good all go,
Where woes never come,
And where tears never flow.

Thy heart-throbs are hushed,
Thy sighing is o'er;
The wicked, the wretched,
Can grieve thee no more.

Yes, now low in the ground,
Thy low form reposes,
Thy lips breathe no sound,
Thy eye never uncloses.

I mourn'd when they told me
Thy days were all o'er;
That I ne'er could behold thee
Till time was no more;

For memory appear'd,
Past pleasures revealing,
When thy countenance cheer'd,
Thy heart glow'd with feeling.

I have seen those dear eyes,
Benevolence beaming,
When distress would arise,
In sympathy streaming.

I have seen that kind hand
To the needy extended,
With a manner so bland,
That it doubly befriended.

Thou canst never return—
But to thee I would go,
Where woes never come,
And where tears never flow.

SCRIBBS.

Oh, let me depart in the spring-time of life,
While the soul's unacquainted with insult and wrong;

See a bleak world has chill'd with its coldness
And strife,

The feelings and hopes that to virtue belong,
For when youth's joyous visions have taken their
Flight,

And suspicion and selfishness darken our way,
The soul backs no more in its noon-day of light;
Its brightest imaginings sink to decay;

Repines with regret to the days that are fled,
It looks without hope for the moments to come;
Its affections, its wishes, its day dreams seem
Dead,

And its once glowing pictures are shaded by
Gloom.

Then let me depart in the spring-time of life,
While the soul's unacquainted with insult and wrong;

See a bleak world has chill'd with its sorrows and
Strife,

The feelings and hopes that to virtue belong!

CEDEIC.

COUSIN MARY.

From "Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and
Scenery," by M. B. M.

About four years ago, passing a few days
with the highly educated daughter of some
friends in this neighborhood, I found domesti-
cated in the family a young lady, whom I shall
call as they called her, Cousin Mary. She
was about eighteen, not beautiful perhaps, but
lovely certainly to the fullest extent of that
loveliest word; as fresh as a rose; as fair as a
lily; with lips like winter berries, dimpled,
smiling lips; and eyes of which nobody could
tell the color, they danced so incessantly in
their own gay light. Her figure was tall,
round, and slender; exquisitely proportioned
it must have been, for in all attitudes in her
innocent gaiety, she was scarcely ever out of
the line in the same; she was grace itself—
She was, in short, the very picture of youth,
health, and happiness. No one could see her
without being prepossessed in her favor. I
took a fancy to her the moment she entered
the room; and it increased every hour, in
spite of, or rather perhaps for certain defi-
ciencies which caused poor Cousin Mary to be
held exceedingly cheap by her accomplished
relatives.

She was the youngest daughter of an offi-
cer of rank dead long ago; and his sickly wife
died having lost by death, or that other death,
marriage, all her children but this, could not
from very fondness, resolve to part with her
darling for the purpose of acquiring the com-
mon instruction. She talked of it, indeed,
now and then, but she only talked: so that in
this age of universal education, Mary C. at the
age of eighteen, exhibited the extraordinary
phenomenon of a young woman of high family,
whose acquirements were limited to reading,
writing, arithmetic, and the first rules of
arithmetic. The effects of this education sys-
tem, combined with a careful seclusion from
all improper society, and a perfect liberty in
her country rambles, acting upon a mind of
great power and activity, was the very reverse
of what might have been predicted. It had
produced not merely a delightful freshness
and originality of manner and character, a pi-
quant ignorance of those things of which one
is tired to death, but knowledge, positive,
accurate, and various knowledge. She was,
to be sure, wholly unaccomplished; knew
nothing of quadrilles, though her very motion
was dancing; nor a note of music, though she
used to warble like a bird sweet snatches of
old songs, as she skipped up and down the
house; nor of painting, except as her taste
had been formed by a minute acquaintance
with nature into an intense feeling of art—
She had that real extra sense, an eye for color
too, as well as an ear for music. Not one in
twenty, not one in a hundred of our sketching
and copying ladies could love and appreciate
a picture where there was colour and mind,
a picture by Claude, or by any English Claude,
Wilson and Holland, as she could; for she
loved landscape best, because she understood
it best; it was a portrait of which she knew
the original. Then her needle was in her
hand almost a pencil. I never knew such an
embroidress; she would sit "printing her
thoughts on lawn," till the delicate creation
vied with the snowy drapery, the richness
of Gothic architecture, or of that which so
much resembles it, the luxurious fancy of old
painters. That was her only accomplishment,
and a rare artist she was; muslin and
not were her canvass. She had no French
either, not a word; no Italian; but then her
English was racy, unbackneyed, proper to
the thought to a degree that only original
thinking could give. She had not much read-
ing, except of the Bible and Shakespeare, and
Richardson's novel, in which she was learned;
but then her powers of observation were sharp-
ened and quickened in a very unusual de-
gree, by the leisure and opportunity afforded
for their development at a time of life when
they are most acute. She had nothing to dis-
tract her mind. Her attention was always
awake and alive. She was an excellent and
curious naturalist, merely because she had
gone into the fields with her eyes open; and
knew all the details of rural management, do-
mestic or agricultural, as well as the peculiar
habits and modes of thinking of the peasantry,
simply because she had lived in the country,
and made use of her ears. Then she was fan-
ciful, recollective, new; drew her images
from the real objects, not from their shadows
in books. In short, to listen to her and the
young ladies her companions, who accom-
plished to the height, had trodden the edu-
cational mill till they all moved in one step,
had lost sense in sound and ideas in words,
was enough to make us turn masters and gov-
ernesses out of doors, and leave our daughters
and grand daughters to Mrs. C's system of
non-instruction. I should have liked to meet
with another specimen, just to ascertain what
the peculiar charm and advantage arose
from the quick and active mind of this fair ig-
norant, or was really the natural and inevitable
result of the training; but alas! to find more
than one unaccomplished age, is not to be
hoped for. So I admired and envied; and her
fair kind women pined and scorned, and tried
to teach; and Mary, never made for a learner,
and as full of animal spirits as a school boy in
the holidays, sang and laughed, and skipped
about from morning till night.

It must be confessed, as a counterbalance
to her other perfections, that the dear cousin
Mary was, as far as great natural modesty and
an occasional touch of shyness would let her,
not the least in the world of a romp. She
loved to toss about children, to jump over
sides, to scramble through hedges, to climb
trees; and some of her knowledge of plants
and birds may certainly have arisen from her
delight in these boyish amusements. And
which of us has not found that the strongest,
the healthiest, and most flourishing acquie-
scence, has arisen from pleasure or accident, and
has been in a manner self-sown, like an oak
of the forest?—Oh! she was a sad romp; as
skittish as a wild cat, as uncertain as a but-
terfly, as uncatchable as a shadow! But her
great personal beauty, the charm, the grace,
and lightness of her movements, and above
all, her evident innocence of heart, were bribes
to indulgence which no one could withstand.
I never heard her blamed by any human be-
ing. The perfect unrestraint of her attitudes,
and the exquisite symmetry of her form,
would have rendered her an invaluable study
for a painter. Her daily doings would have
formed a series of pictures. I have seen her
scudding through a shallow rivulet like a
young Diana, and bounding, skimming, en-
joying motion, as if nature to the element,
which might have become a Naiad. I have
seen her on the topmost round of a ladder,
with one foot on the roof of a house, ringing
down the grapes that no one else had nerve
enough to reach, laughing and garlanded
and crowned with vine-leaves, like a Bacchante.
But the prettiest combination of circumstan-
ces under which I ever saw her was, driving
a donkey cart up a hill one sunny windy day

in September. It was a gay party of young
women, some walking, some in open carriages
of different descriptions, bent to see a cele-
brated prospect from a hill called the Ridges.
The ascent was by a steep narrow lane, cut
deeply between sandbanks crowned with high
feathery hedges. The road and its pictur-
esque banks lay bathed in the golden sun-
shine; while the autumnal sky, intensely blue,
appeared through an arch. The hill was no
steep, that we had all dismounted, and left
our different vehicles in charge of the ser-
vants below; Mary, to whom, as incomparably
the best character, the conduct of a certain
non-descript machine, a sort of donkey-cur-
ricle, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate
little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the
top of the eminence. She jumped out for the
purpose, and we followed, watching and ad-
miring her as she won her way up the hill.
Now tugging at the donkeys in front, with her
bright face towards them and us, and spring-
ing back towards us, pushing the chair
from behind—now running by the side of her
steeds, patting and caressing them—now sooth-
ing the half-frightened child—laughing, nod-
ding, and shaking her little whip at us—dart-
ing about like some winged creature—till at
last she stopped at the top of the ascent, and
stood for a moment on the summit, her straw
bonnet blown back, and held on only by the
strings; her brown hair playing in the wind
in long natural ringlets; her complexion be-
coming every moment more splendid from
exposure, redder and whiter; her eyes and her
smile brightening and dimpling; her figure in
its simple white gown strongly relieved by
the deep blue sky, and her whole form seem-
ing to dilate before our eyes. There she stood
under an arch formed by two meeting elms, a
Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth
and joy. The Ridges are very fine things al-
together, especially the part to which we
were bound, a turfy, breezy spot, sinking
down abruptly like a rock into a wild fore-
ground of heath and forest, with a magnifi-
cent command of distant objects—but we saw
nothing that day like the figure on the top of
the hill.

After this I lost sight of her for a long time.
She was called suddenly home by the danger-
ous illness of her mother, who, after languish-
ing for some months died; and Mary went to
live with a sister much older than herself, and
richly married in a manufacturing town, where
she languished in smoke, confinement, de-
pendence, and display (for her sister was a
matchmaking lady, a maneuverer,) for about
a twelvemonth. She then left her house and
went into Wales—as a governess? Imagine
the astonishment caused by this intelligence
among us all; for I myself, though admiring
the untutored damsel, almost as much as I
loved her, should certainly never have dream-
ed of her as a governess. However, she remained
in the rich baronet's family where she had
commenced her vocation. They liked her ap-
parently—there she was; and again nothing
was heard of her for many months until hap-
pening to call on the friends at whose house
I had originally met her, I copied her bloom-
ing face, a rose among roses, at the drawing
room window—and instantly with the speed
of light was met and embraced by her at the
hall door.

There was not the slightest perceptible
difference in her deportment. She still bound
like a fawn, and laughed and clapped her
hands like an infant. She was not a day older,
or graver or wiser, since we parted. Her post
of tutorage had at least done her no harm,
whatever might have been the case with her
pupils. The master, a man of letters, and
a rare artist she was; muslin and not were
her canvass. She had no French either, not a
word; no Italian; but then her English was
racy, unbackneyed, proper to the thought to
a degree that only original thinking could give.
She had not much reading, except of the Bible
and Shakespeare, and Richardson's novel, in
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in a very unusual degree, by the leisure and
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eyes open; and knew all the details of rural
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tage arose from the quick and active mind of
this fair ignorant, or was really the natural
and inevitable result of the training; but alas!
to find more than one unaccomplished age, is
not to be hoped for. So I admired and envied;
and her fair kind women pined and scorned,
and tried to teach; and Mary, never made for
a learner, and as full of animal spirits as a
school boy in the holidays, sang and laughed,
and skipped about from morning till night.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Imitated from Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, one of the
nobler tragedies of the immortal Shakespeare—Act
5, Sc. 1.

THE BACHELORS' SOLILOQUY.

To marry, or not to marry? That is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The solen silence of these coldish rooms,
Or seek in festive halls some cheerful dame,
Or seek in festive halls some cheerful dame,
And by uniting, end it. To live alone—
No more! and by marrying, say we end
The heart-ache, and those throes and make-shifts
Bachelors are heirs to! 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.

To marry—to live in peace—
Perchance in woe; here, there's the rub;
For in the marriage state what ills may come
When we have shuffled off our liberty,
Must give us pause: There's the respect
That makes us dread the bonds of wedlock;

For who could bear the noise of scolding wives,
The fits of spleen, the extravagance of dress,
The thirst for plays, for concerts, and for balls;
The audience of servants, and the uproar
That patient husbands from their concerts take,
When he himself might his quietus gain,
By living single.

Who would wish to bear
The jeering name of Bachelor;
But that the dread of something after marriage,
(Ah, the vast expenditure of money)
The tongue can scarcely tell) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather choose the single life,
Than go to gaol for debts we know not of!

Economy thus makes Bachelors of us still,
And thus our melancholy resolution
Is still increased upon more various thoughts.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If we take a view of the inferior part of crea-
tion, and examine minutely into the habits,
propensities, and dispositions, implanted by Al-
mighty God, in the breasts of animals below the
scale of man, we shall find that there is not a
single passion, not a solitary propensity, which
does not point, directly or indirectly, to some
object useful and beneficial in the economy of
nature. In some, we find dispositions, the most
rancorous, propensities the most disgust-
ing, and passions the most violent, yet even
these are as essential to the universal order
and harmony which prevails throughout the
works of God, as are those whose deeds and
actions breathe the impress of a divinity. The
insatiable tiger, who knows no pleasure but
the work of death and destruction, who feels
nothing animate his breast but the cruel and
malevolent spirit of extermination, is moving
as much in his proper sphere, and the sphere
which the eternal ever designed for him, as
is the quiet and unresisting victim of his rage
and cruelty. But when we cast our eyes high-
er, and behold a being, whom God has exalted
far above the creation, to whom he has given
a faculty, which places him proudly pre-
eminent on earth, with the assurance of a station
in heaven, and to whom he has also given that
germ which, when foster'd by the hand of
education and experience, knows no limit to
its progress, no bounds to its desire, no ob-
stacles to impede its motion, I say, when we
behold him wantonly and rashly throwing
down from him with an unsparring arm these
benefits, these unspeakable benefits, we
are struck with the manifest improprie-
ty, and are naturally led to inquire, what
causes can operate so powerfully as to induce
him to cast away the choicest blessings of
eternal God and seek his own destruction.—
It is impossible for a moment to believe that
he does it by the free and gratuitous act of
his will. This was arguing against all rea-
son, against all precedent, and against every
law and regulation of nature. There must be
a corresponding cause to produce so great an
effect. Must we not search for the causes
amongst the passions which are placed within
him, amongst the temptations which surround
him, and the propensities inherent in his na-
ture; yet even amongst these we cannot find
the springs of motion adequate to the produc-
tion of such vast effects. Is not reason and
judgment interposed? Have we not a moni-
tor, conscience, placed within, which imperi-
tively decides what to do? We must look for
another and a more powerful cause to coun-
teract these. And this cause can only be found
in the potent and imperious tyrant, Habit—
To this cause we refer for the solution of ques-
tions respecting the drunkard, the liar, the
thief, and the gamester. From this we will
learn the reason why the former, after wit-
nessing the distressing effects of his potations,
after having suffered the agony, the remorse,
and the horrors, consequent upon such a
course, and after waking to a full conviction
of his misery, to a full sense of the enormity
of his crime, with all his sufferings staring
him in the face, flies again to the bottle to
renew his guilt and its consequences. From
this cause we find out why the liar, with the
certain knowledge that he is working his own
destruction, persists in his course of decep-
tion; why the thief, with the dungeon before
his eyes, refuses to reform; and it is to this
source, and this alone that we are to attribute
the otherwise unaccountable infatuation
which hurries the gamster on from one loss
to another, until finally he is plunged into ir-
recoverable ruin. Let every one beware of
the first temptation; let every one who knows
not the influence, the irresistible influence
of Habit, take great care how he first courts
the monster, who once brought over the
threshold becomes a most despotic tyrant.—
He, who, out of mere curiosity indulges him-
self in a game of cards, or a drunken frolic,
is little aware that he is setting in motion an
engine which shortly it will be out of his
power to controul. He knows not that he is
tampering with the greatest enemy man has.

Like the avalanche started from its base,
whose first motion is slow and easy, but which
every second increases four fold, until it
rushes like a whirlwind sweeping destruction
and death—the chains of Habit are at first
slightly tacked on, until they are rivetted so
firmly as to defy the utmost power of their
victim. Accordingly, the sooner an effect is
made to disengage them the easier it will be
done, but if left long they increase immensely,
and plunge their unfortunate victim in a vor-
tex of accumulated misery, horror and des-
pair.

J. W.

It is the decree of heaven that the exclusive
selish man shall be miserable even in this
world. As he never gives love to any man,
he never can receive a return of love. He is
at war with the general good of his species,
and is therefore the common enemy of man-
kind! His money may command attentions,
and even procure the outward show of
respect—but he can never receive the homage
of an unthought smile, or the warm tribute of
a grateful heart. Wealth is too poor to
purchase love—and power is not strong
enough to enchain affection. The eye may
be dazzled in the presence of grandeur—the
lips may enunciate the praises of affluence,
the knee may bend in homage before the splen-
dour of authority—but the heart is above all
bribe, and will give its affections to goodness
alone. The selfish man is therefore shut out
from all that gives grace and value to life, all
that makes life a blessing—for what is exten-
sive worth to him who has no man's confi-
dence, no man's sympathy, no man's love?
We must learn to be kindly affectionate to-
wards our fellow men, to be sincerely in-

terested in their happiness, to forbear with
them, to forgive their foibles, to forget their
injuries, to bear their burdens of sorrow and
infirmity. It is delightful to contemplate,
and as far in our power to increase the
happiness of others.

A TRUE SKEIN.

It was one of the coldest nights of the sea-
son. The wind blew with remorseless
violence—Aunt Eunice was herself ill, and
bragged I would step up and see how the
poor woman was. I entered the habitation.
It was a poor shelter.—The pale moon-beams
played on the floor through the chinks, and
the wind whistled through the broken win-
dows. On the bed, pale and emaciated with
a fever, lay the poor woman. In a cradle by
the side of the bed, wrapped in a single rug,
slept an infant, and in the corner, over a small
fire, sat a little boy about five years old.
There was no other being in the house. No
friend to soothe her distress. No nurse to
moisten her burning lips with a drop of water.
—Poverty has few allurements; sickness has
none; and prudence and uncharitableness
readily availed themselves of the frailties of
the poor sufferer, to excuse their neglect.

I stepped out to procure a loaf of bread for
the children; I was not long gone, and on
returning to the door, the sound of a foot-
step on the floor told me somebody was with-
in.

It was a pleasant sight! A young
female friend whose genius is not unknown to
her literary acquaintance—whose virtues and
amiable disposition, combined with a
peculiar agreeableness of manners, render
her beloved as extensively as she is known,
had preferred to the gay scenes of mirth or the
charms of a novel, a lone and unostentatious
visit to the house of poverty and the bed of
sickness! Like an angel of mercy, she was
administering to the comfort of the poor woman
and her infant.

I have seen the assemblies of the great. I
have seen women glowing with beauty—
arrayed in the richest attractions of dress,
whose charms were heightened by the "pride
and pomp, and circumstance" of "elegant
conviviality." A lovely woman, in such a
case, irresistibly commands our admiration.
—But alone—at the bed of poverty and sick-
ness—she appears more than human, I would
not be impious, but she seems almost divine.

GERTRUDE DE WART.

OR FIDELITY UNTIL DEATH.

Translated from the German of Apollonius.

Founded on the most exact historic truth,
with all the fearful and intense interest of the
most appalling romance, Gertrude de Wart is
a striking instance, amid the many, of that
devotion in affection, which will support a
woman through scenes of which, in hours of
ease and happiness, the very thought had
been too much to bear. Gertrude had been
for many years the beloved (and does not that
imply the happy) wife of Rodolph de Wart:
in an unfortunate hour his attachment to his
master, the Duke of Saxonia, whose hands
were unjustly retained by the avenging Al-
bert, plunged him into misery. Though not
one of the assassins himself, yet being present
at the murder of the emperor, he is involved
in all their guilt, and in all their dangers, and
after temporary concealment, he is betrayed
by a relation into the hands of the Queen of
Hungary and the Archduke Leopold, who had
pursued the murderers of their father with
the most unrelenting vengeance. His wife,
who had borne with the most unshrinking
fortitude all the misery of poverty to which
she had been reduced by the burning of their
castle and the confiscation of their estates,
casts her husband, shares his prison, supports
him at his trial, and at last, when, in spite of
her entreaties for mercy, he is condemned to
the dreadful death of breaking on the wheel,
she is still his stay and succour; but here we
will give place to her own words: she has
escaped from her friends to seek the place of
Rodolph's suffering.

The rising moon began to tip with silver
the dark pines and the turret of the castle of
Kibourg. I discovered the path I was in
search of, and skirting the great forest which
is near Winterthur, I heard more and more
distinctly the noise of a mill. This should be
the mill where I was to look for my hus-
band. The mill and a rivulet only separated
me from him. I passed the water, and, going
round the mill, I perceived the wheel, and the
unhappy victim laid on it. The guard
was frightened at my appearance, and ran off,
with every mark of terror. I heard the breath-
ing of Rodolph, deep, and, at intervals, re-
sembling sighs; I saw his broken members,
agitated by convulsive movements, like those
of a lamb, palpitating under the knife of the
butcher; yes, Margaretta, all this I was doom-
ed to hear and see.

"It is me," said I softly: he immediately
knew my voice. "Is it thee, Gertrude? Jesu
Maria! this is all that was wanting!"

"I came near to the post on which the
wheel was suspended. I saw there some
pieces of wood. I took one of them, which I
placed close to the wheel. I got upon it, and
I was enabled to seize, and cover with kisses,
one of his hands, which hung down, moisten-
ed with cold sweat.

"Spare me! spare me!" said he, with a
tremulous voice. "Thy presence adds to my
sufferings. I call for death, and thou art come
to retard it. Gertrude! Gertrude! where do
you come from? what will you have? My
limbs are broken; my joints are dislocated;
my heart still beats. Go from me—let
me die—this is too much!"

"I saw him pale and motionless, entangled
in the spokes of the wheel. The shivering
of a fever pervaded his members. His groans
mingled with the murmuring of the rivulet
and the clapping of the mill. I fell on my
knees, and prayed under the wheel, and ex-
plained my unhappy husband to resignation.
I laid, joining together some pieces of wood,
a last sort of scaffolding, by which means
I could raise myself up to him, and, leaning
over him, free his face from the hairs which
the wind blew over it. 'Entreat thee! O,
I entreat thee!' repeated he, 'to be gone,
and leave me. If they should find you here
when the day breaks, you know not what may
happen. Will you still aggravate my misery?
You cannot tell what additional sufferings you
may bring upon me.'

"I would die with thee," said I to him, "and
it is for this purpose that I am come." No
power shall force me from thee. I threw
myself on him with extended arms, and I be-
gged of God both his death and my own. The
day appeared—I saw human figures moving
at a distance. I was obliged to descend and
take away the pieces of wood which had en-
abled me to get up the wheel. The guard
which had fled at the sight of me again made
his appearance. No doubt this man had

mentioned at Winterthur what he had seen
for as soon as it was day, there was a great
mob of them, women and children, coming
from all quarters. I recognized the gentry
whom Landenberg had persecuted the evening
before to let me free. He did not appear
surprised at seeing me with my husband; he
approached me, shaking his head, and said,
'It was not for this purpose, madam, that the
Landenberg told you, yesterday, of the pris-
on.' The people drawing nearer and nearer,
I saw several women of my acquaintance, and
among the rest, the wife of the president of
the court of justice at Winterthur. I called
to her, and entreated her to intercede with
her husband, that he would order the execu-
tioner to abridge the sufferings of Rodolph.

"He dares not do it," said Wart, groaning.

"When the queen has spoken, the president
of justice must be silent; and if it had not
been for that, I may say that I had some right
to expect this good office from him." Some
persons brought me refreshments, of which I
could take nothing; but I was refreshed, if I
may so say, by the compassion which was
visibly impressed in their countenances, and
by the tears which were shed by them.

"When the fog of the morning was dis-
persed, the crowd increased. I saw there
the Bailiff Staines, of Plungen, with his two
sons; our tenant at Hultikon, and some wo-
men from Neftelbach: they all made the
sign of the cross, and appeared as if they were
praying for us.

"The executioner then came, followed by
the Confessor Lamprecht. The former ad-
vised to be the least cruel of the two: he said
sighing, 'May God have mercy on the poor
young lord, and receive his soul into Paradise!'
The confessor again urged him to avow his
guilt; but Wart, making a great effort, re-
peated before all the people the same words
which he had already said to the queen and
the court of justice. The priest was silent—
All at once I heard voices crying out, 'Place!
Place!' Men armed with halberds made way
through the crowd, helmets, surmounted
with plumes, glittered near the mill. Soon
were seen prancing horses and their riders,
with shining armour, and their visors down.

"The executioner dropped down on his
knee—the confessor laid his hand on his
breast—the horsemen halted. The women
lifted up the children in their arms, that they
might have a better view. Guards, armed
with lances, obliged the people to form a
circle.

"A knight of a high stature, raising him-
self upon his horse, said to the executioner,
in a sneering tone of voice, 'Where are the
ravens, that they have not yet torn his eyes
out?' It was the Archduke Leopold.

"My blood stood in my veins when I heard
one of the horsemen, who was near him, say,
'Let him scratch himself as long as the itch-
ing continues but drive off these people. All
this weeping and lamentation make me mad.
There must be no pity here; and who is this
woman who causes all this crying? Let them
take her away.'

"I knew the voice of the queen; it was
Agnes de Wart—and she!—she!—she!—she!
The queen, said I, 'where is she?'—'Where is
she?' said I, 'where is she?'—'Where is she?'
said

